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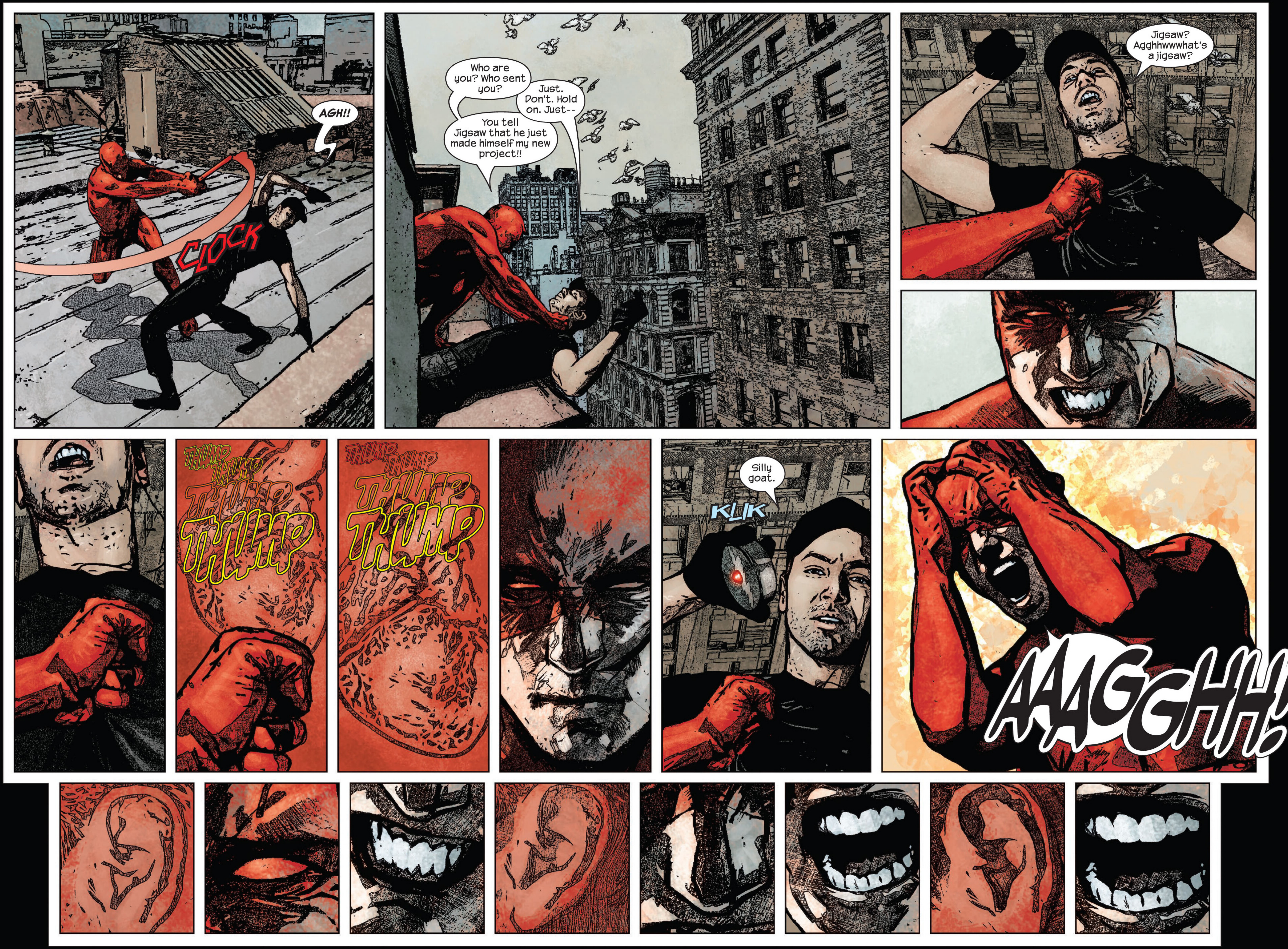
Okay, all right...
SNIFF
I have a clear I.D. on the one and only Matthew Murdock, attorney-at-law.
There he is, just sits right out in the open and eats his lunch.
Right out in the open.
Guy's life is a tornado of crap the likes *I* will never know...
...yet there he is having lunch with a lady.
Reminding me that I now have positive I.D. on his lunch companion, Natasha Romanova.
Better known to the world as the smoking hot hottie...the Black Widow.
(Good job, God.)
I love redheads. I do.
Look at *that.* That's the kind of woman I could really--
Um...
*Hmmm...*I think I've been made.
No. No.
I'm two blocks away. Murdock could not--
No way. Murdock isn't ***that*** skilled of a--
Uh-oh.

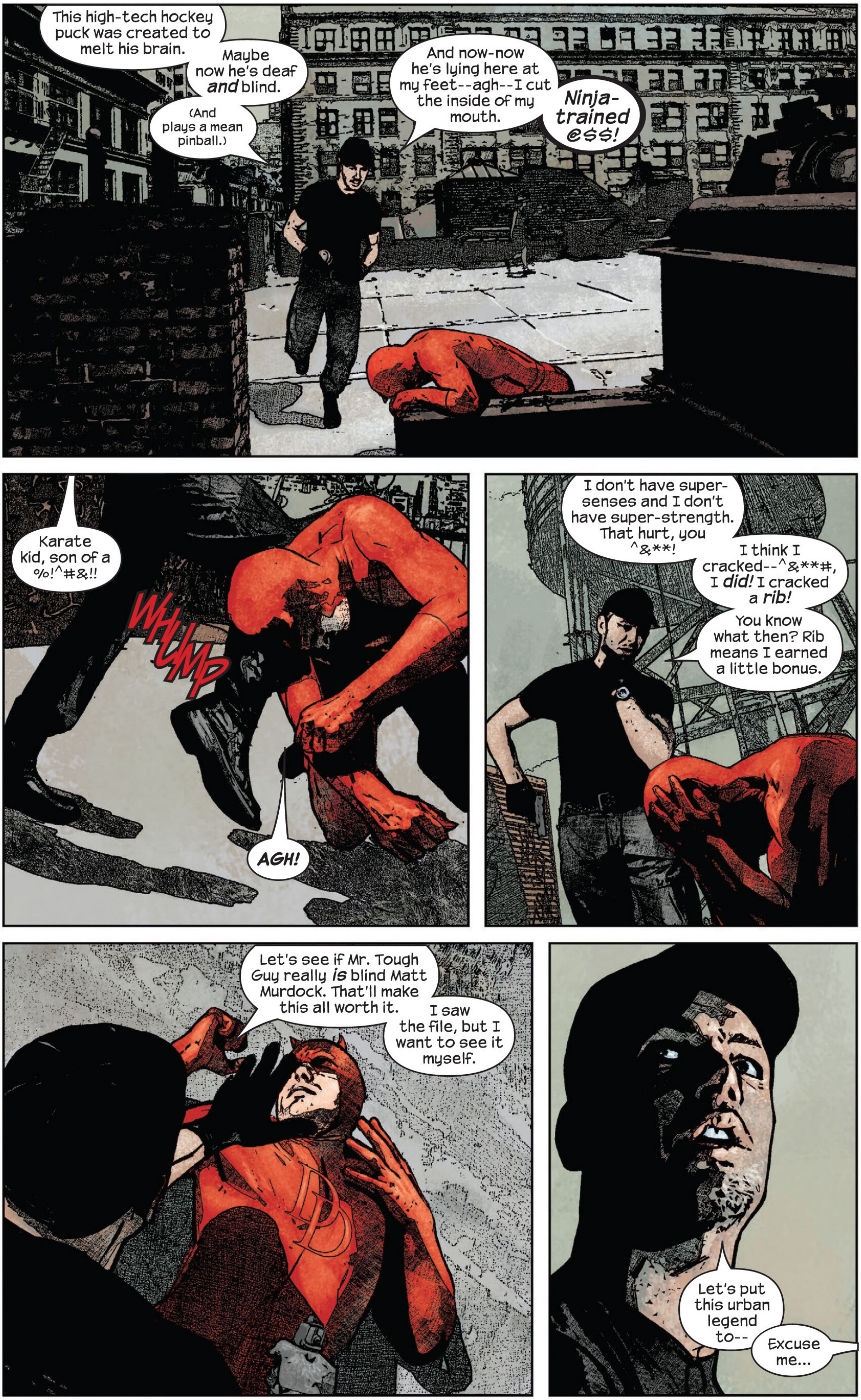
Huh. My first super heroes.
Can't say I'm not a little intrigued by the opportunity.
But... that's not the gig.
"Make it look like a gangland slaying."
"Kill the Widow. Make it look sloppy."
That is the gig and I need the cash.
Sorry, innocent by-standers...
(Tsk-this *is* so beneath me.)
BUDDABUDDABUDDA
BUDDABUDDABU
DDABUDDABUDDA
Crap...
%^&$! No positive I.D. on anything.
Widow is gone. Can't see Murdock.
Tsk-damn it. Have to check the local news now--
See what is what and make my next--

Wow!
Now I don't suppose you'll tell me how you did *that* so fast.
As, you know, a professional courtesy.

SPACK
Huh, how about that? Caught it in my--
FONK
SMACK

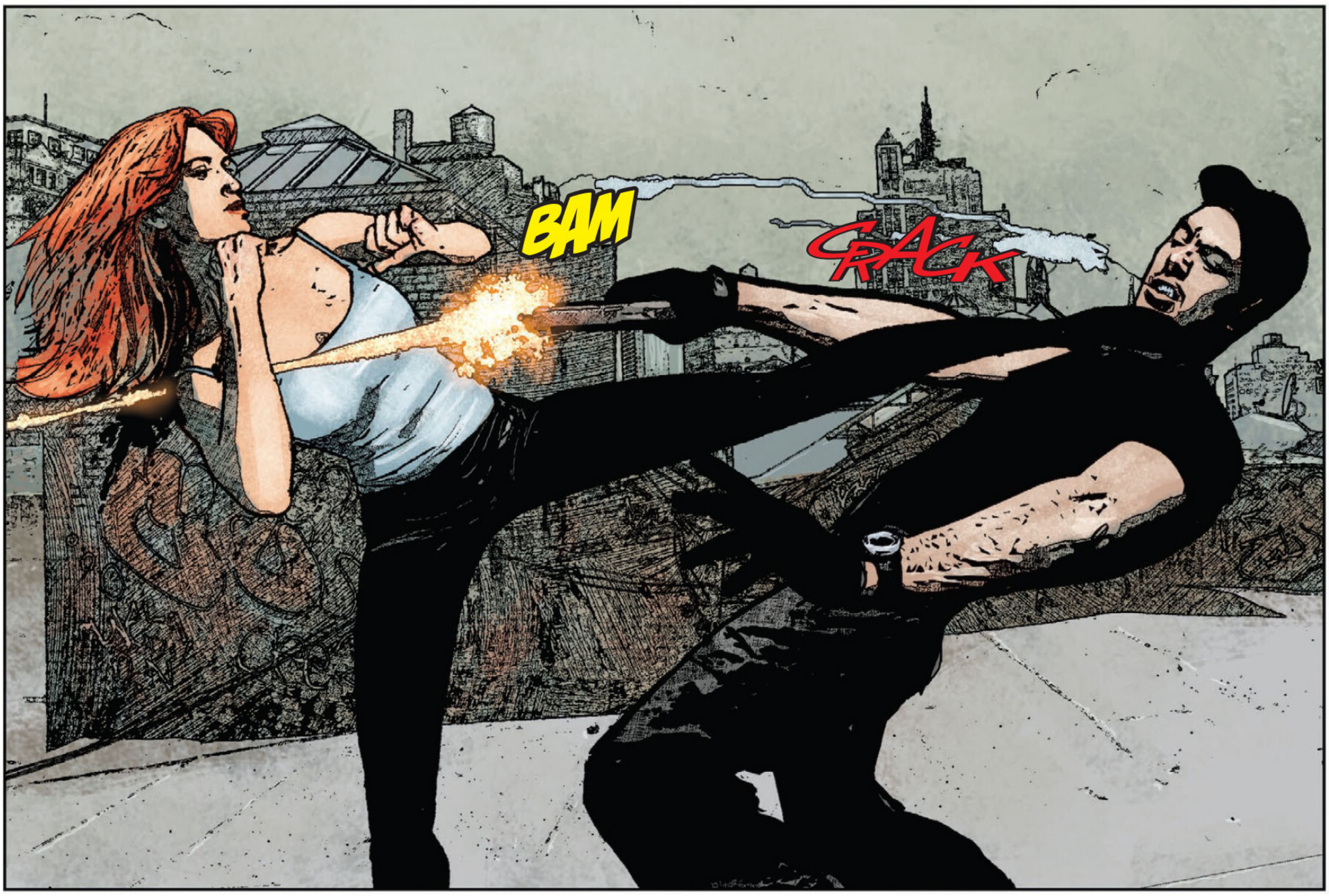

AGH!!
CLOCK
Who are you? Who sent you?
Just. Don't. Hold on. Just--
You tell Jigsaw that he just made himself my new project!!
Jigsaw? Agghhwwwhat's a jigsaw?
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
KLIK
Silly goat.
AAAGGHH!

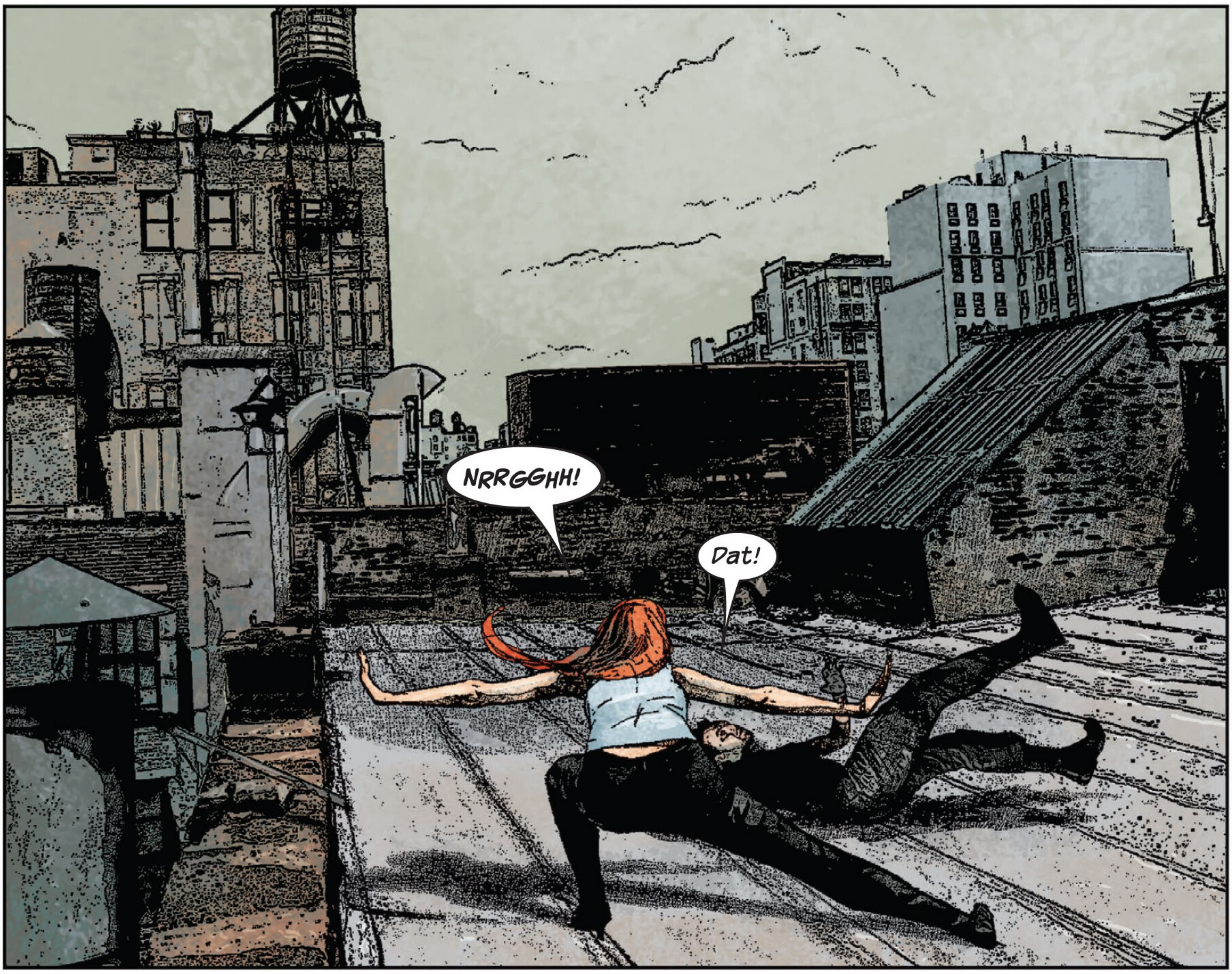
Wasn't even about us, you $%^&!!
Okay, agh-- hold on. Okay. Still good.
Murdock just kicked the living crap out of me before I even knew what happened.
Guess these guys in the costumes are no hype.
AAAHH!
But, as promised, the thingamajig worked.
NAA!
Ow! Murdock is down. Like the little girl he clearly is.
Truth told, I'm not totally sure it *is* Murdock. He got here so quick, I--Ow!
But it looks like the intel was right.
His senses are-are--I don't know *what* they are--but they are way out here.
I'm using a, okay, yeah, I should say I *poached* a Roftek 567.
(Not available in stores.)
Which is emitting just about the biggest honkin' radio wave noise thing--
--supposedly screwing up his head every which way.
I, being a normal person without superstuff, *can't* hear it.
This was created specifically to make *this* guy...
AGH!
But, ha! You know what? You can hear dogs in the background.
Neighborhood dogs barking. Sorry, poochies.
Okay, um, the Murdock file I got a sneak at says that he really *is* blind and his other--ow--his senses are creating some sort of *radar* or some other super-duper something-or-other.


This high-tech hockey puck was created to melt his brain.
Maybe now he's deaf and blind.
(And plays a mean pinball.)
And now-now he's lying here at my feet--agh--I cut the inside of my mouth.
Ninja-trained @$$!
Karate kid, son of a %!^#&!!
WHUMP
AGH!
I don't have super-senses and I don't have super-strength. That hurt, you ^&**!
I think I cracked--^&**#, I did! I cracked a rib!
You know what then? Rib means I earned a little bonus.
Let's see if Mr. Tough Guy really is blind Matt Murdock. That'll make this all worth it.
I saw the file, but I want to see it myself.
Let's put this urban legend to--
Excuse me...

Who are you talking to?
Wow, you ninjas **are** fast.
I asked you a question. Who are you reporting this to?
Reporting? Oh, no, no, I'm just talking aloud.
I'm recording this.
I figure, you know, people in our line of work, we have a pretty short shelf life.
Well, if you didn't know that, you do ***NOW.*** Ha!
Figure one day I'll write a book.
Figure I might as well take notes as I go.
I took a writing course, well, online. One of those online courses.
Guy said to take notes as you go.
Name's Quinn, by the way.
I'm a big fan of yours.

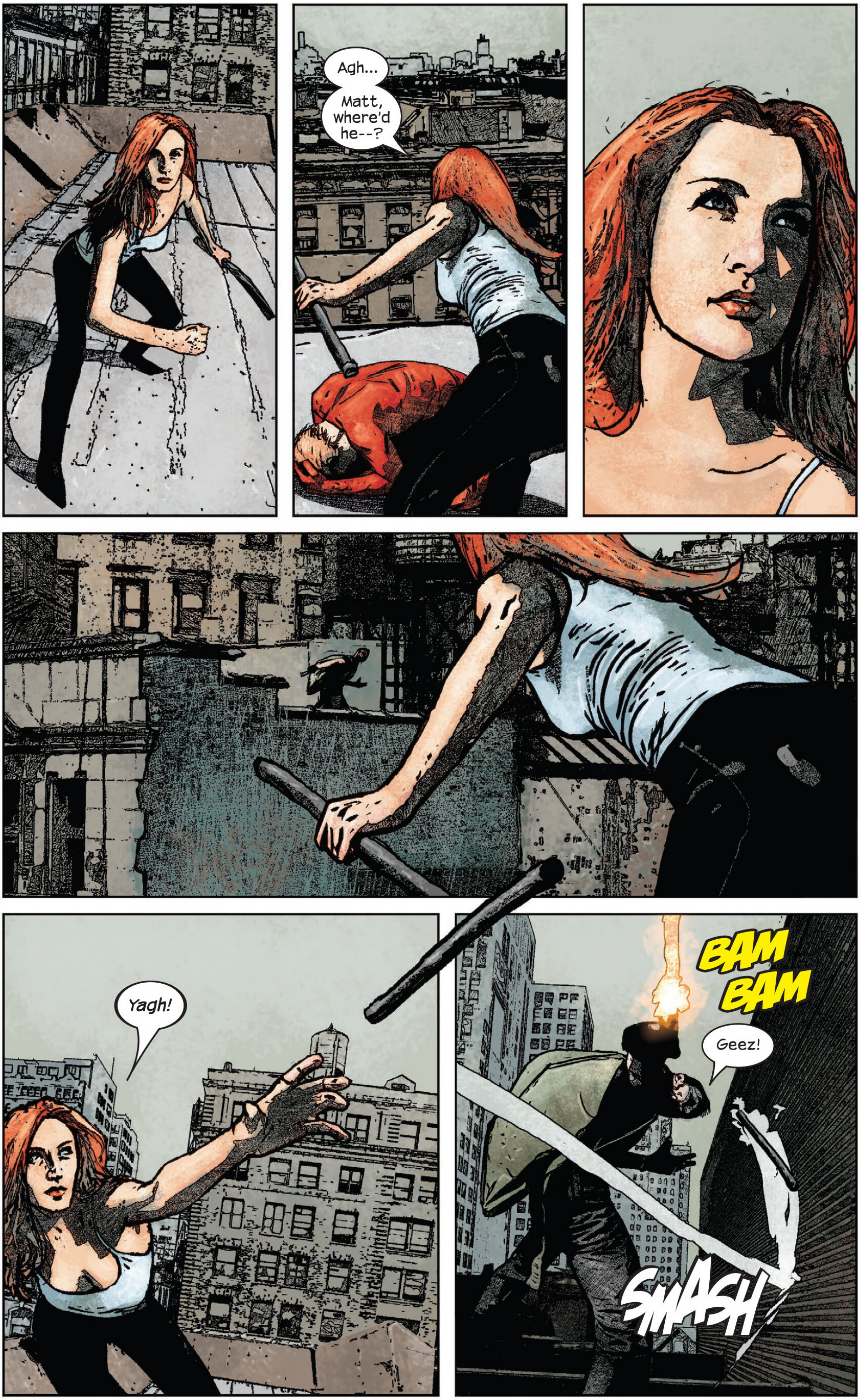
I told you my name because--
(Well, this is a little embarrassing...)
But I figure, you know, it's kind of a big deal for me to have landed this gig.
And truth told...Ego? Sure, but truth told it really *bothered* me that, after all the work I did on this...
...you didn't know *who* was on the other end.
You mind putting that gun down?
You shoot that gun...
...I *will* kill you.
Yeah...
But you're pretty much going to try to kill me anyhow...
What? You're bulletproof now?
Find out.


BAM
CRACK

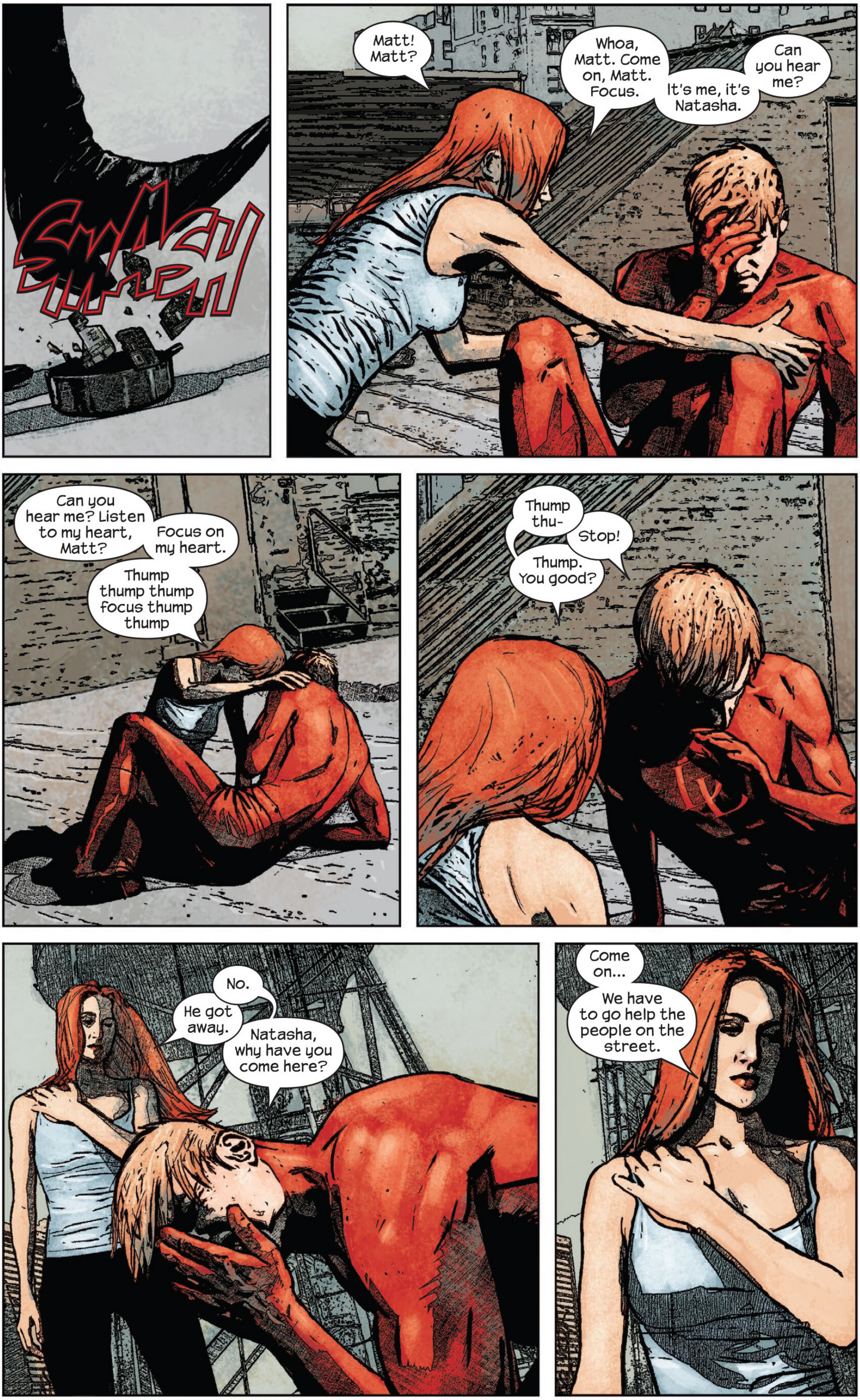

NRRGGHH!
Dat!

AAAGGH!
RRRGGH!
Gagg!
RRAARRGGH!
HARRGH!
AEE!

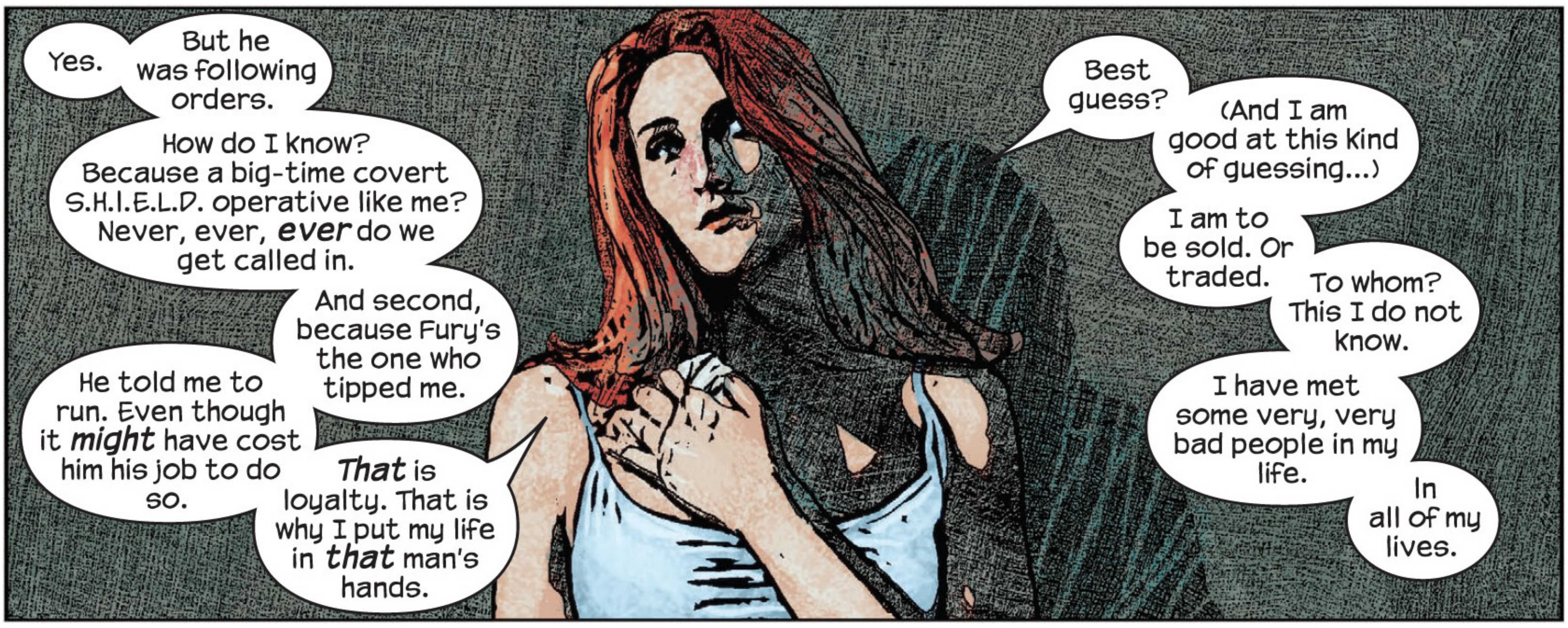
RUFF RUFF RUFFRUFFRUFFRUFFF
WHUMP
FAP

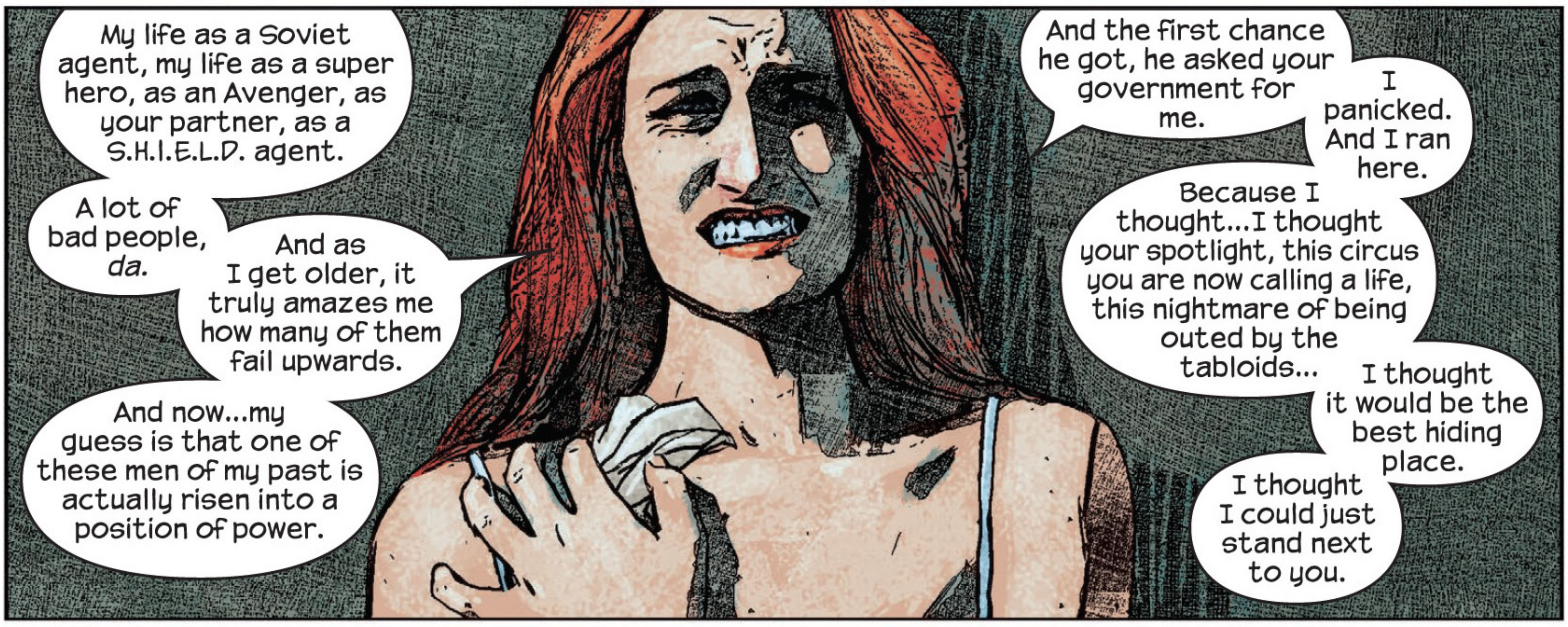

Agh...
Matt, where'd he--?
Yagh!
BAM BAM
Geez!
SMASH

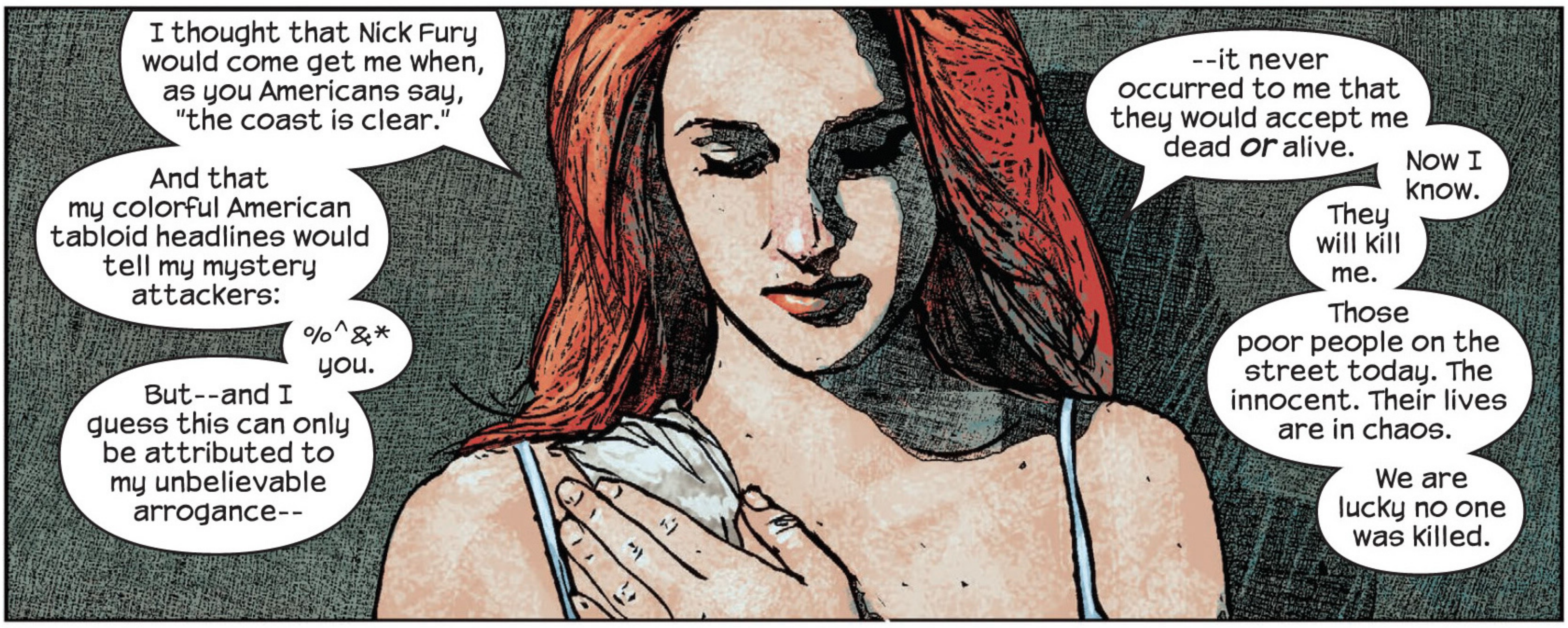
Damn!
Damn, damn, *damn!*

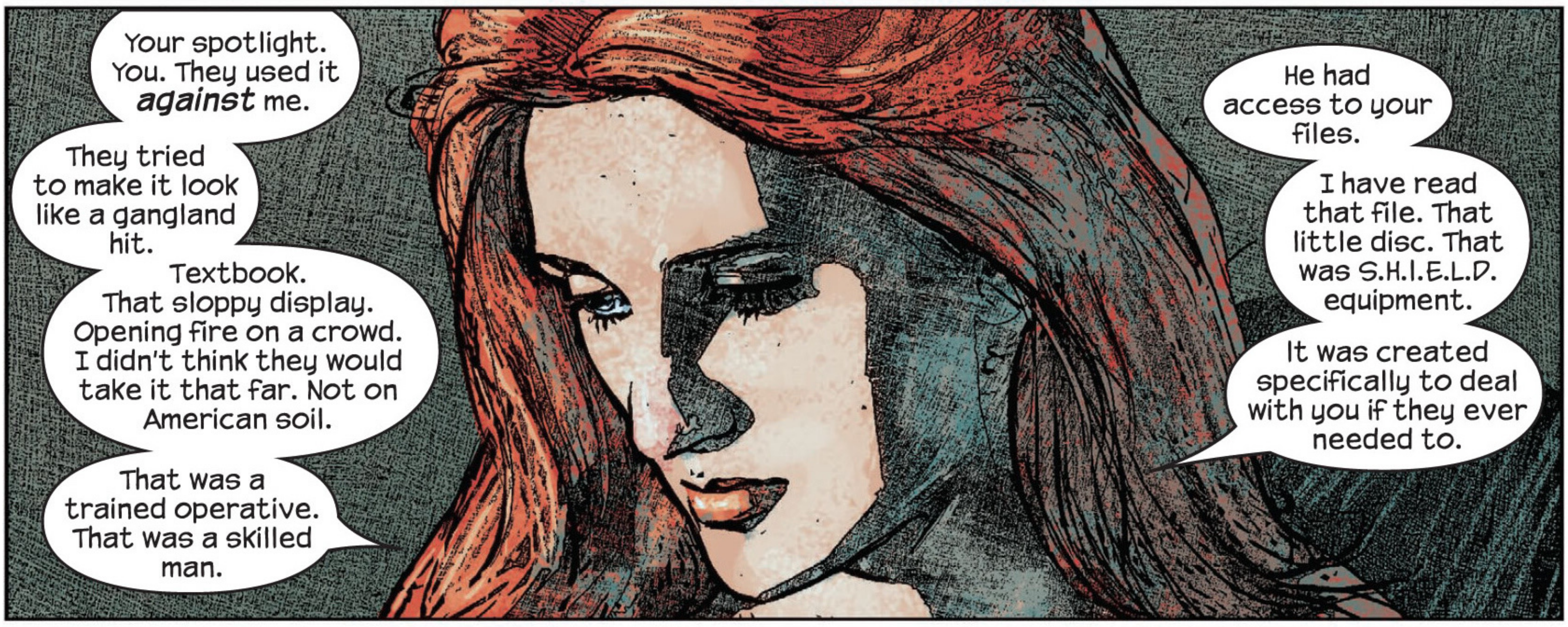

SMASH
Matt! Matt?
Whoa, Matt. Come on, Matt. Focus.
It's me, it's Natasha.
Can you hear me?
Can you hear me? Listen to my heart, Matt?
Focus on my heart.
Thump thump thump focus thump thump
Thump thu-
Stop!
Thump. You good?
No.
He got away.
Natasha, why have you come here?
Come on...
We have to go help the people on the street.

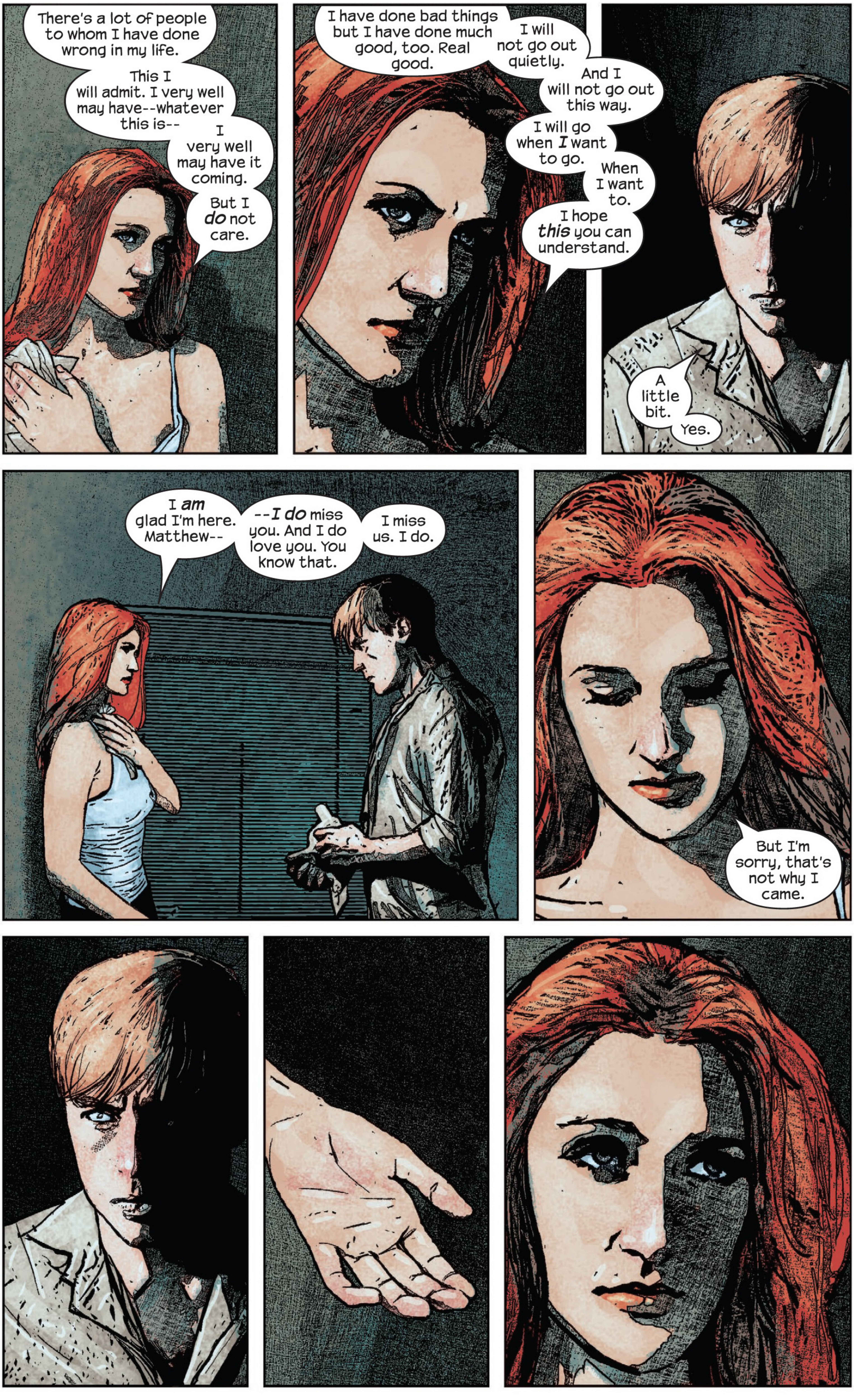
Aagghhh!!
Calm down.
You can handle it.
Stings!
And I can scream if I want.
And I have a headache.
Sorry.
So... who was he?
He could have been one of *your* crazies. You have a *big* pile of crazies.
Natasha...
Never met him.
You're hiding from something. You're *using* me.
At least have the--
I'm not using you.
Then why are you here?
They called me in.
I was going to tell you.
I got called in.
Who?
Nick Fury?


Yes.
But he was following orders.
How do I know? Because a big-time covert S.H.I.E.L.D. operative like me? Never, ever, *ever* do we get called in.
And second, because Fury's the one who tipped me.
He told me to run. Even though it *might* have cost him his job to do so.
That is loyalty. That is why I put my life in *that* man's hands.
Best guess?
(And I am good at this kind of guessing...)
I am to be sold. Or traded.
To whom? This I do not know.
I have met some very, very bad people in my life.
In all of my lives.

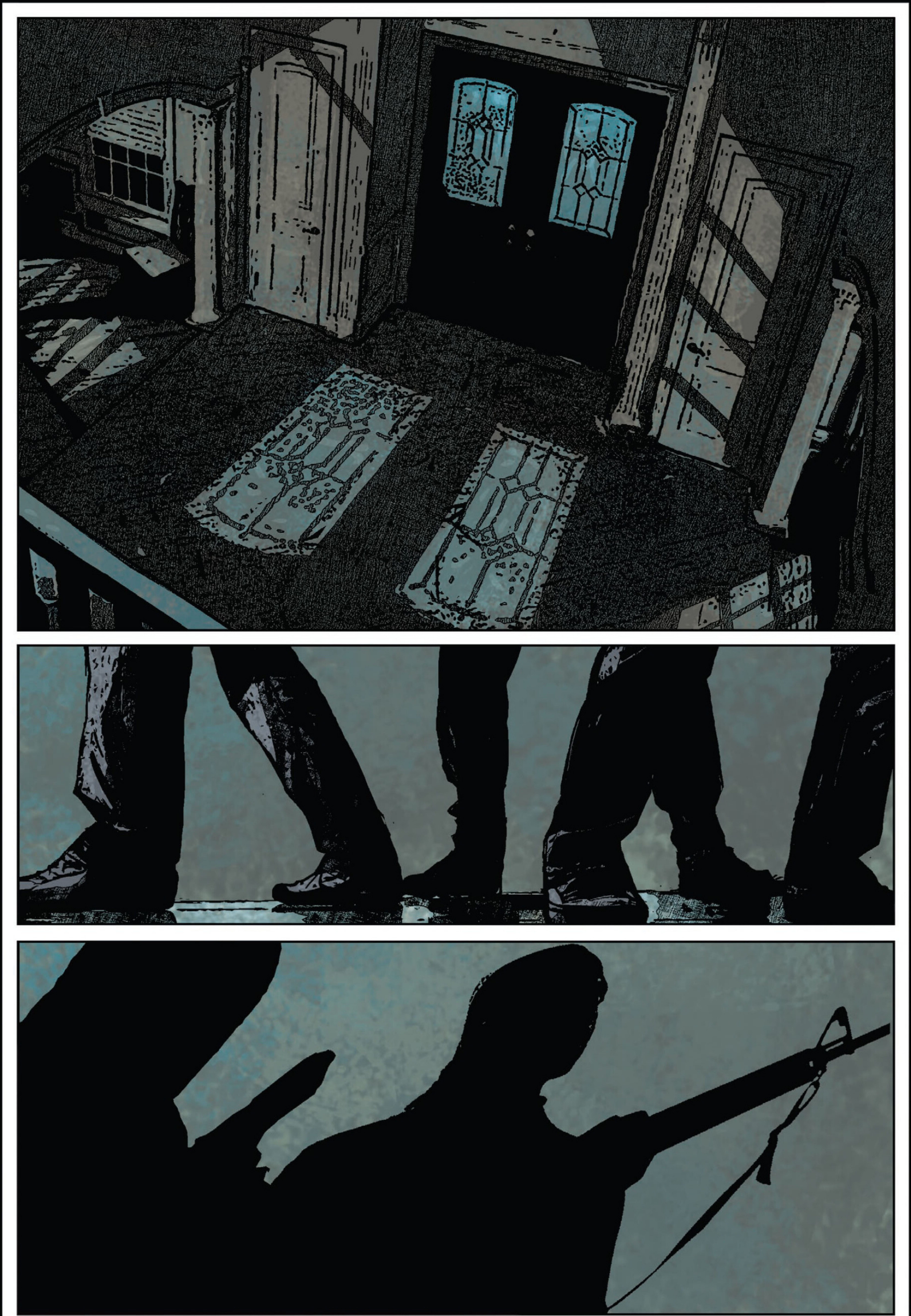

My life as a Soviet agent, my life as a super hero, as an Avenger, as your partner, as a S.H.I.E.L.D. agent.
A lot of bad people, *da.*
And as I get older, it truly amazes me how many of them fail upwards.
And now...my guess is that one of these men of my past is actually risen into a position of power.
And the first chance he got, he asked your government for me.
I panicked. And I ran here.
Because I thought...I thought your spotlight, this circus you are now calling a life, this nightmare of being outed by the tabloids...
I thought it would be the best hiding place.
I thought I could just stand next to you.


I thought that Nick Fury would come get me when, as you Americans say, "the coast is clear."
And that my colorful American tabloid headlines would tell my mystery attackers:
%^&* you.
But--and I guess this can only be attributed to my unbelievable arrogance--
--it never occurred to me that they would accept me dead *or* alive.
Now I know.
They will kill me.
Those poor people on the street today. The innocent. Their lives are in chaos.
We are lucky no one was killed.


Your spotlight. You. They used it *against* me.
They tried to make it look like a gangland hit.
Textbook. That sloppy display. Opening fire on a crowd. I didn't think they would take it that far. Not on American soil.
That was a trained operative. That was a skilled man.
He had access to your files.
I have read that file. That little disc. That was S.H.I.E.L.D. equipment.
It was created specifically to deal with you if they ever needed to.


There's a lot of people to whom I have done wrong in my life.
This I will admit. I very well may have--whatever this is--
I very well may have it coming.
But I *do* not care.
I have done bad things but I have done much good, too. Real good.
I will not go out quietly.
And I will not go out this way.
I will go when *I* want to go.
When I want to.
I hope *this* you can understand.
A little bit.
Yes.
I *am* glad I'm here. Matthew--
--*I do* miss you. And I do love you. You know that.
I miss us. I do.
But I'm sorry, that's not why I came.

Oh no...
Tsk...
What is it?
They're in my house.
Who?
Damn it.
Who? Mine or yours?
At this point what's the difference?
Quinn?
No.
How many?
Nine.
Let's go take care of them.
No.
No?
No. You've been shot. I have a life to protect. I can't--
What?
This is Matt Murdock's life. I built this. It's mine. I can't afford to cross a certain line.
I don't understand.
Babette. I need Babette.
Babette?



MURDOCK!!!